



METHODIST PROTESTANT.

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EDITED BY GAMALIEL BAILEY, M. D.—PUBLISHED FOR THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, BY J. J. HARROD, BOOKSELLER, BALTIMORE.

POETRY.

THE OSTRICH.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Not in the land of a thousand flowers,
Not in the glorious spice-wood bowers,
Not in fair islands, by bright seas embraced,
Lives the wild ostrich, the bird of the waste!
Go to the desert—his dwelling is there,
Where the breath of the simoom is hot on the air;
To the desert—where never a green blade grew;
Where never its shadow a broad tree threw,
Where the sands rise up, and in columns are wheel'd
By the winds of the desert, like hosts on the field;
Where the wild ass sends forth a lone dissonant bray,
And the herds of the wild horse speed on through the day,
The creatures unbroken, with manes flying free,
Like the steeds of the whirlwind, if such there may be.
Aye, there in the desert, like armies for war,
The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar,
Speeding on, speeding on, o'er the desolate plain,
Where the fleet-mounted Arab pursueth in vain.
But 'tis joy to the traveller who toils through that land,
The egg of the ostrich to find in the sand;
It is sustenance for him when his store is low,
And weary with travel he journeyeth slow
To the well of the desert, and finds it at last,
Seven day's journey from that he hath pass'd.
Or go to the Caffer-land—what if you meet
A print in the sand of the strong lion's feet,
He is down in the thicket asleep in his lair!
Come on to the desert—the ostrich is there!
There, there!—where the zebras are flying in haste,
The herd of the ostrich comes down on the waste—
Half running, half flying—what progress they make!
Twang the bow—not the arrow their flight can o'ertake!
Strong bird of the wild! thou art gone like the wind,
And leavest the cloud of thy speeding behind;
Fare thee well—in thy desolate regions, farewell,
With the giraffe and lion we leave thee to dwell.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer!

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee,
Than earth can know.

Words cannot paint what sweet relief
Here, for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

Hush'd is each doubt, from every fear
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

O till I reach yon peaceful shore,
May no delight so valued be,
As this, my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee!

PARAPHRASE OF THE CXXXVII PSALM.

BY ANNE BRADSTREET.

1612.

"From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require
A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre:
Come, now, they cry, regale us with a song—
Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.
Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?
Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground?
No! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,
Or touch the lyre, while—slaves we can't rejoice!
O Palestine! our once so dear abode!
Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God;
But now art desolate! a barren waste!
Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgrac'd.
If I forget Judea's mournful land,
May nothing prosper that I take in hand!
Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,
Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice;
O may my tongue forget the art to move,
And may I never more my speech improve!
Return, O Lord! avenge us of our foes,
Destroy the men that up against us rose!
Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,
And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,
In distant realms—far from their native home,
To which dear seat, O! never let them come!"

RELIGIOUS.

MOTIVES TO YOUTHFUL PIETY.

Youth is a period which presents the fewest obstacles to the practice of godliness, whether we consider our external circumstances, our nature, powers, or our moral habits. In that season we are most free from those troubles which embitter, those schemes which engross, those engagements which hinder us in more advanced and active life. Then the body possesses health and strength; the memory is receptive and tenacious; the fancy glows; the mind is lively and vigorous; the understanding is more docile; the affections are more easily touched and moved; we are more accessible to the influence of joy and sorrow, hope and fear; we engage in an enterprise with more expectation, and ardour and zeal. Under the legal economy the first was to be chosen for God: the first-born of man, the first-born of the beasts, the first-fruits of the field. It was an honor becoming the God they worshipped, to serve him first. This duty the young alone can spiritualize and fulfil, by giving Him who deserves all their lives of the first-born of their days, and the first-fruits of their reason and their affection; and never have they such an opportunity to prove the goodness of their motives as they then possess. See an old man. What does he offer? His riches? But he can use them no longer. His pleasures? But he can enjoy them no longer. His honour? But it is withered on his brow. His authority? But it has dropped from his feeble hand. He leaves his sins, but it is because they will no longer bear him company. He flies from the world, but it is because he is burnt out. He enters the temple, but it is as a sanctuary: it is only to take hold of the horns of the altar: it is a refuge, not a place of devotion, he seeks. But they who consecrate to God their youth, they do not profanely tell him to suspend his claims till the rest are served; till they have satisfied the world and the flesh, his degrading rivals; they do not send him forth to gather among the stubble the gleanings of life, after the enemy has secured the harvest. They are not like those who, if they reach Immanuel's land, are forced thither by shipwreck. They sail thither by intention.

Consider the beneficial influence of early piety over

the remainder of our days. Youth is the spring of life; and by this will be determined the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn, the provision of winter. It is the morning of life, and if the Sun of righteousness do not dispel the moral mists and fogs before noon, the whole day generally remains overspread and gloomy. Piety in youth will have a good influence over our bodies: it will preserve them from disease and deformity. Sin variously tends to the injury of health; and often by intemperance the constitution is so impaired, that late religion is unable to restore what early religion would have prevented. Early piety will have a good influence to secure us from all those dangers to which we are exposed in a season of life the most perilous. Conceive of a youth entering a world like this, destitute of the presiding, governing care of religion, his passions high, his prudence weak, impatient, rash, confident, without experience, a thousand avenues of seduction opening around him, and a syren voice singing at the entrance of each; pleased with appearances, and embracing them for realities; joined by evil company, and ensnared by erroneous publications: these hazards exceed all the alarm I can give. How necessary, therefore, that we should trust in the Lord with all our hearts, and lean not to our own understanding; but in all our ways acknowledge Him, that he may direct our path!

Early piety will have a beneficial influence in forming our connexions, and establishing our plans for life. It will teach us to ask counsel of the Lord, and arrange all under the superintendency of Scripture. Those changes which a person who becomes religious in manhood is obliged to make are always very embarrassing. With what difficulty do some good men establish family worship, after living in the view of children and servants so long in the neglect of it! But this would have been avoided, had they early followed the example of Joshua: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." How hard is it to disentangle ourselves from associates with whom we have been so long familiar, and who have proved a snare to our souls! Some evils, indeed, are remediless. Persons have formed alliances which they cannot dissolve; but they did not walk by the rule, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." They are now wedded to misery all their days; and repentance, instead of visiting them like a faithful friend, to chide them when they do wrong, and withdraw, is quartered upon them for life. An early dedication to God, therefore, renders a religious life more easy, pleasant, and safe. It is of unspeakable advantage also under the calamities of life. It turns the curse into a blessing; it enters the house of mourning, and soothes the troubled mind; it prepares us for all, sustains us in all, sanctifies us by all, and delivers us from all. Finally, it will bless old age. We shall look back with pleasure on some instances of usefulness to some poor traveller, to whom we have been a refreshing stream; some deluded wanderer, we have guided into the path of peace. We shall look forward and see the God who has guided us with his counsel; and be enabled to say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—Jay.

POWER OF DIVINE TRUTH.

A lady in Paris, moving in the higher circles of life, of cultivated mind, and of elegant manners, but a disciple of the infidel philosophy, recently lost, in a fatal duel, her son, her only child; "and she was a widow." The Countess of —, a Christian lady, sought her friend.—She found the bereaved widow on her couch, cold, silent, restless, melancholy, and on the verge of despair. The philosophy of this world had forsaken her. The Countess began to speak of the refuge which the

soul finds in addressing itself to God in the time of trouble; to a Being so great, and good, and tender. The wretched parent turned on her a vacant stare, and said, "Did you speak of God? Who is he? Where is he? What is he? I know nothing of him." Struck by such an awful instance of infidelity, in such circumstances, the Countess answered not; for she felt in a moment that she could do nothing to restore such a moral ruin. Her interval of silence was an interval of prayer, that God would take this mighty work into his hands; acting in this spirit, she opened her New Testament, and begged her friend to allow her to read a few passages from a book which had been useful to herself in her own recent afflictions. She read from the Evangelists. The effect upon the poor widow was of a gentle, soothing nature. No remark from either party was made on the book itself. When the Countess rose to leave her friend, she said, "I perceive you are entirely ignorant of the only source of comfort, and I cannot impart it to you: will you give me one proof of your confidence in my affection and sympathy?" "I will." "It is, to use one short prayer, in the words I give you; and to use it as often as you feel a new accession of despair, or a fresh agony of grief,— 'O Lord, enlighten thou me, that I may know thee!'"

For many days the Countess continued her visits, and read the little book; and on every successive visit to her friend she found an increasing attention to the subject read. They rarely had any conversation on religion; for the Countess found that whenever she attempted it, she could not make herself understood. She therefore confined herself to reading, accompanied by secret prayer for the divine blessing. She was the more encouraged in her hope of success, because she was assured by her friend, that she used the short prayer constantly; and that when she did not know where to turn, or how to disengage her thoughts from the horrors of the past, she found relief in repeating the short prayer.

After these daily readings had continued for some time, the bereaved mother began to express more distinctly the effect of what she heard: "Your book told me such and such a thing yesterday: that thought has followed me ever since. I wish you would leave it with me till tomorrow." The Countess could not consent. She had two motives in her refusal: she hoped to increase the desire by delay; and she did not at that time wish the book to fall into the hands of an infidel sister, who had all her life influenced the mind of this unhappy widow. She therefore told her the book had belonged to a dear friend, and was never confided to any second person.—The desire to possess this wonder-working book became stronger: and the following note was sent:—"Can you not lend me your invaluable treasure for a few hours? I will not be unreasonable: it shall be returned to you soon." It was lent and returned with the following note:—"I have been deeply affected by your generous confidence in leaving with me a book so precious to you. I dare not keep it longer; but pray let me have a Bible. It shall never leave me. It shall be my guide, my support; perhaps, one day, my consolation! O when shall I have obtained that holy joy! You shall know of it, that your heavenly charity may be rewarded. Do not leave me to myself; I seem to feel that I shall understand your object. O may God give me strength and perseverance!"

The Bible having been delayed a few days, the following note was sent:—"Permit me, my dear —, to remind you of your promise, to send me a Bible. Our last conversation did me much good. It went to the source of my disquietudes. I feel as if I could repose myself in God with confidence. Sometimes I feel as if I could love him with all my soul; while I ask him with fervency to give the illumination I so much want. I do not, I cannot, doubt that he will communicate the light that is necessary to my feeble understanding."

The Bible was procured and sent; after which this note was written:—"I cannot thank you sufficiently for providing me with the only occupation of which I am capable; but I cannot tell you that your present brought consolation to my wounded heart. I must acknowledge, that, after reading it, I am more deeply afflicted. I am even more sorrowful, more dejected, than before I read it. Shall I tell you why? I am led to look back upon my past life with horror: and the dreadful thought suggests itself,—'Is it not probable that my sins brought on my child his awful catastrophe?' Oh my God, was I indeed the cause of all he suffered in life and death? I can only weep abundantly. Divine grace must do all for me."

The Countess addressed to her a letter of an encouraging nature, opening to her the fulness and freshness of the Gospel. It was thus acknowledged:—"Your letter has made me weep much; but do not repent of having written it; for the tears were the gentlest and kindest I ever shed. My heart is rivetted to that one phrase—'Able to save to the uttermost.' I thank you, I thank you, for having shed such a drop of balm on my wounds. I want to talk with you on my sorrows, and my hopes; if

you can believe that I ought to have any hope. O yes, yes; I have indeed hope, although it is mingled with sorrow! But mercy, mercy!"

Here terminates the correspondence, but not the intercourse. The Countess had an interesting interview with her friend. She found that the Spirit of God had indeed begun the good work, and was gradually leading her mind into all truth. Grief and despair on the loss of her son had given way to a strong anxiety to understand the word of God. This new study absorbed the whole soul of the mother. She said she read it incessantly, but without knowing how far she properly understood it: but when she met with a passage that she had comprehended the sense, and continued her reading till she again encountered the difficulty; and then she uttered her first prayer, "O Lord, give me light that I may know thee." She remained at that point, without attempting to proceed, until she had obtained a knowledge of the passage: "Then," said she, "I often find more force, and beauty, and information in that which had just confounded me, than in all I had understood before."—She said also, "This book is my nightly comfort, as well as my daily occupation. When I cannot sleep, I desire my female servant to bring me my book, and place the candle at my pillow, and so the night becomes no more tedious or gloomy."

Attempts were made by her sister to lead back this interesting woman to the darkness and despair of the infidel philosophy, but in vain. She reads the Bible, and scarcely any thing else; and lives to adorn its doctrine.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute:
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."
M. E. H.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Some thoughts on the Methodist Episcopal Periodical Press.

MR. EDITOR—When men are found to deny their own right to liberty, and are seen endeavoring by all the means in their power, with all the effectiveness of the periodical press, to persuade an entire religious community that not one of its members has a right to religious freedom: and when, in addition to this, these men are endeavoring to traduce, to blacken, to render scandalous, other men who are the avowed friends of this freedom, which they of the servile party despise, reject, and account themselves unworthy of, it is time that you departed somewhat from the course prescribed in your prospectus. "The Christian Advocate"—that advocate of Christianity and the rights of Christians!—that is referred to, as a credible witness in favor of the advantages of that system which denies to men their liberty, and would put down the "agitators" of questions, involving principles holy as truth itself, and as dear as liberty. This is the way in which the Itinerant Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are rewarding the Methodists of this republican country. They take their money for the support of their press, which is weekly and quarterly sending out the most irrefragable arguments that these people are unfit to enjoy religious liberty; but that they are heaven-doomed to subjection to itinerant masters as long as they live, and their children after them!

This press seems devoted to prove:—

1st. That in constituting a religious government for the citizens of a free republican country, the subjects of Great Britain had a right, and were solemnly enjoined by the Scriptures, and the actual condition of things, to give all power to an Itinerant Ministry: that Bishops should have absolute power to appoint the preachers to their labors, and to change them every year, or not, as the Bishops pleased: that these bishops have a right to make sub-bishops over these preachers, and to remove these sub-bishops when they choose: that itinerant preachers alone, should compose Annual Conferences—and should alone be represented, and be the representatives of these Conferences and that this general represen-

tative body, composed only of preachers, representing one another; should make and administer moral discipline, and hold the titles to all church property: that the itinerancy, should appoint to all offices, or authorize, and prescribe the mode of all appointments; should pack all committees for the trial of alleged immorality, and preside at these trials:—in a word, that itinerant preachers should be absolute in power, and the people be in absolute subjection.

This system, and no other, is the one which the periodical press of Episcopal Methodism is laboring, night and day, to uphold, to establish, and to establish by demonstrating that it is of divine institution, and sanctioned by divine approbation, as is clearly evinced by the successes of these preachers, in all parts of the country!

You see then, that this committee, who are traducing some of our best and wisest friends, are doing still worse, by taking the people's money, as the price of the labor, employed to deceive them into the belief that they are not entitled to religious freedom. Freedom! It is denied to the Episcopal Methodists by the "Scriptures!" by the "institutions of the fathers!" and by the "dearest interests of the preachers and the people!" This is what these Episcopal presses are striving to demonstrate weekly and quarterly. Every revival of religion is pressed into a support of these demonstrations—for, doubly to demonstrate is now necessary.

Is there a single man in the Methodist Episcopal Church—preacher, or layman, who, holding the principles of Christian liberty, ever expects to see the day when he will enjoy it in that Church? To undeceive himself, let him open his eyes upon the ministers and laymen who are conducting periodical papers. No! never will freedom be witnessed among that people while they annually pay ministers and laymen to defraud them of their birthright. As subjects—and as dependants, they may receive ministerial protection in their Church, and be allowed to use the means of grace, and to breathe the air; but to be permitted to participate in their own government, the decree has gone forth—they never shall. The press of that Church never will permit liberty. Its conductors deny liberty to themselves, and will they ever consent that others shall enjoy it? *Never.* Shall a man love another better than himself?

The time was, when some of the Episcopal Itinerants were the decided friends of "lay delegation." They openly revolted in their feelings against the condition of subjection of the people. They were frightened at their own power. It was all feeling—mere touches of their sensibility. Duty and conscience had nothing to do in the matter. They have settled down—and exercise, and will exercise, the power they formerly abhorred.—They are now hand in hand with their periodical press, knowing that they need all its aid, and helping to take all its profits,—the people paying for the deception.

This witness is true.

S.

For the Methodist Protestant.

FACTS FOR HISTORICAL RECORD.

MR. EDITOR—Very little more than three years have elapsed, since eleven preachers and twenty-two laymen were arraigned before the authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Baltimore, for publishing a monthly periodical, called "Mutual Rights," the object of which publication was to bring into view some radical errors, in the formation of the government of that Church; to shew the propriety and necessity of introducing into its legislative councils, an equitable representation from the great visible body thereof; and to point out some reprehensible acts of mal-administration, consequent on the power of the Church residing only in, and being exercised only by, the privileged class of Itinerant preachers of that Church.

The Methodist public recollect the overflowing wrath, manifested in an address of some of the male members

of the Church in Baltimore against the publishers of, and the writers for, the Mutual Rights, because they presented to their readers some acts of the Itinerant preachers, which were deemed not only highly reprehensible, but strongly oppressive in their character and operation.

In consequence of the publication of these acts of oppression and mal-administration—the Reformers were persecuted to trial by those who had participated largely in framing and voting the bitter address above referred to—the citations were written by an itinerant preacher who had previously written abroad that the Reformers were unworthy, even in Christian charity, of a place in the Church. Time was asked by the cited to correspond with the distinguished and able writers, who were principally members of the M. E. Church, but resided at a distance, about the articles on which the charges were pretended to be based, but this reasonable request was refused. The Reformers were obliged either to appear suddenly or be subject to immediate expulsion. The most of them appeared before the aforesaid prosecutors and judge, the latter of which had summoned just such a jury as would answer all his previous purposes—they having made a part of the party who formed the address aforesaid.

The Reform brethren saw evidently, that a deep and extensive conspiracy had been organized, with a view to their expulsion from the Church, and a determination to accomplish that object, without regard either to law or justice; the former of which, if bottomed on equity, would demand an impartial trial by an impartial and unprejudiced court and jury, and the latter would demand that every jury should be set aside who had previously expressed an opinion on the case.

The brethren cited, requested those parts of the documents to be read, on which the prosecutors relied to sustain the charges, but this request was over-ruled.—They objected to the Judges as having prejudged their cases—the objection was over-ruled by him;—and the jurors were objected to because they had expressed their opinions in a public document, which had denounced the brethren cited “enemies to the Church,” the knowledge of which fact, in any court of civil, or criminal Law, in the United States, would have compelled every such juror to have retired from the jury seats. Yet their objections were overruled by the judge!

ARISTIDES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Harford, March 21, 1831.

“How amiable are thy tabernacles O, Lord of hosts! a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.” What delightful emotions are those sublime expressions calculated to excite in the pious mind! They have been brought to my recollection by the occurrences of our last quarterly meeting, which has just ended.

It was held in the new church in Belle-Air, and was well attended. The congregations were unusually large, and very serious and attentive. Our President was unable to attend, but his place, in the pulpit, was filled by Brother Cox, from Baltimore, whose preaching was very well received, and so far as I could judge, was of essential benefit, to those that heard. Our lovefeast was a precious time, and at the sacrament table, the master was known to his disciples in the breaking of bread; an unusually large number united in that blessed ordinance, and I believe the exercises of that day, destroyed much of the prejudice that had been planted in some minds by the ministerial influence, and carefully cultivated for months. The public collection on the occasion was the largest (I think) ever made in this house for the support of the ministry, for which we tender the citizens of that neighbourhood our sincere thanks. The affairs of our

circuit are in a prosperous condition, and we hope there are greater blessings a head. Our numbers in society have increased, our congregations are larger, and there has been a general tone of religious influence for some time past. “Oh give thanks unto the Lord for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed, from the hands of the enemy.”

Yours in the bonds of christian affection.

WM. KESLEY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

Weston, Mass. April 9, 1831.

I think the Methodist Protestant to be a valuable paper, and shall do all in my power to encourage it—I expect soon to send you the names of more subscribers, as there are a number in this vicinity who contemplate taking them. The cause of religious liberty is gaining ground in these parts. Within the last fortnight I have formed a society in Lowell, and another in Milford, Mass. Several of the members have been of long and respectable standing in the M. E. C., and are men of intelligent and sound minds, who have been for years dissatisfied with the polity of that church, but (to use their own expression) for lack of a better have hitherto submitted. We greatly need more preachers—I have more calls in different places than I can possibly attend to. I have been anxiously looking for a preacher from the South to come to the city of Boston, as I must be confined to that place the greater part of my time until one arrives. Our Baptist and Presbyterian brethren and almost every denomination are very friendly to our cause, and wish us God speed. Certainly it appears that the Lord is with us—and may we be a holy people, zealous of good works—and God grant that we may be in a great degree instrumental in promoting vital piety in the earth.

Yours in christian bonds,

JOSEPH SNELLING.

Philadelphia, March 14, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER—Having a convenient opportunity to write, I drop a few lines. Our conference adjourned on Tuesday afternoon, after a laborious session of seven days; much harmony prevailed.

I left our cause in New York in a very promising condition, considering circumstances, and do most believingly anticipate that there, under the guidance and preaching of my esteemed uncle, the pillars of the church will be firmly planted, and the cause of religion flourish.

You may mention in the “Protestant” the dedication of our New Church in Attorney street, on Sabbath, third inst. Bro. Thomas officiated in the morning, and myself in the afternoon, and at night. The congregations were large, the galleries, and lower floor being filled. Our collection was about 100 dollars.

Your's, most sincerely,

LEVI R. REESE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

RECOLLECTIONS.

When far from the scenes that have ever been dear,
And the friends of our earliest love,
Uncherished, alone, through the solitude drear
Of strangers we mournfully rove;

How oft recollection reverts to the hours,
When friendship and love led the way,
Where the pathway of youth was adorned with rich
flowers,
And life's prospects were verdant and gay!

And every fond object, that gladdened the days
That have ever departed the sight,
Beams soft through the gloom of the present, like rays
Of stars through the darkness of night.

The family circle, surrounding the hearth,
Will oft to the memory return;
Where wisdom, affection and innocent mirth
Succeeding, presided in turn.

Each form in that circle again re-appears;—
The father, all reverend and gay—
The mother's fond smile, and solicitous tears—
And the sister, so sprightly and gay.

The hours, so often by friendship endeared,
With those who shall ne'er be forgot,
Whose converse instructed, whose gaiety cheered,
And who shared in adversity's lot.

And that object most dear,—most regretted of all;
Whose image clings close to the heart;
From whom nought on earth, save necessity's call,
Could have ever compelled me to part.—

And the scenes of delight which the soul once enjoyed,
When recurring to mem'ry again,
Renew our past pleasures, but ah! how alloyed
With mingling sensations of pain.

For this desert of strangers, so barren and bare,
Where no joys of society bloom,
Compared with past paradise, blooming and fair,
Seems shrouded with deadlier gloom.

SELECT EXTRACTS.

NOBLE MODELS.

The saints present a lofty object of emulation. If we are only conversant with limited specimens, we are apt to form limited views and desires. Hence the necessity and importance of studying the best models. For this reason the student of the fine arts submits to the toil of travelling, and voluntary banishment, that he may study the sublime specimens of his art, as they came from the hand of a master. Similar, but transcendently more important, is our duty. We should not be satisfied with low attainments, but should have recourse to sacred history, which presents an assemblage of the noblest models put forth by the divine hand in the most striking order, and shown to advantage by the clear light of truth. By being daily conversant with these models our taste becomes pure and heavenly, and we are excited to emulate these divine patterns of every excellence.

VAIN CONFIDENCE.

We are prone to form a wrong estimate of our attainments; and to think of ourselves more highly than we ought. Scarcely have we begun the Christian course before we indulge in complacency, as if it were finished. We have but just girded on our armour; and we exult as if the battle were already fought and the victory achieved. We have, perhaps, mortified some sinful indulgence, prayed against it, and gone forth resolved to overcome it; and, if success at first attend our efforts, we flatter ourselves nothing shall be too hard for us—we assure ourselves of the victory, and seem to stretch out our hand to receive the palm. What is more calculated to correct this than the history of the saints? We, who have but just entered the lists, may well look on those who have fought the battle, and entered their rest. We too often substitute the polluted imagination for the sinful reality. Compare the ease which attends our course, with the difficulties that beset theirs. Consider well those who were beset with hardships—who were sent forth to breathe the name of Christ in dens and caves of the earth, and passed into their rest through prisons, tortures, and tribulations.

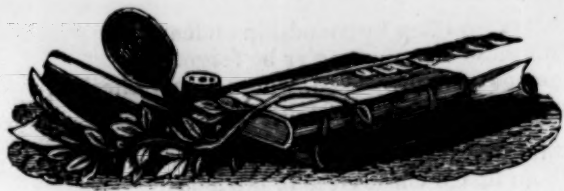
WINTER.

The harvest is past,
The summer is o'er,
Stern winter commences its reign;
The sharp northern blast,
With terrible roar,
Sweeps over the desolate plain.

How quick the transition!
How rapid the flight
Of what was once beauteous and gay!
So—life is a vision,
To primeval night
Its scenes swiftly hasten away.

Resembling a vapor
It passes along,
And while we behold it—it flies,
A glimmering taper,
A tale, or a song,
It enlightens, or cheers us—then dies.

"And let it depart!"
The Christian exclaims,
(His soul fix'd on glories above;)
"The joy of my heart
Is the rest that remains,
In regions of peace and of love."
D. E. FORD.



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1831.

Our readers will bear us witness that the course, we have hitherto pursued in reference to other religious bodies, has been characterized by candour, liberality, and a spirit of brotherly love. We have spoken of all in terms of respect—and have devoted large portions of our paper to accounts of revivals amongst them as well as of our own religious prosperity. Without any dereliction of principle, we have ever foreborne invidious allusions to the church from which we have seceded—not in fear of its anathemas, for they are powerless—but from a belief that the interests of Christianity can never be promoted by contention among the members of Christ's body. If, in what follows, we seem to swerve from our course, it is because a sense of duty to ourselves and others demands it.

The last number of the "Christian Advocate and Zion's Herald,"—or rather "Episcopal Methodist Advocate and Ministers' Herald"—was made the medium of an unprovoked and a virulent attack upon the Methodist Protestant church within the bounds of the Pittsburg and Monongahela districts. In every rational mind, it will but confirm the conviction of the importance of a good church-government, and of the inevitable proneness of a bad one, to counteract and finally destroy whatever benefits are derivable from scriptural doctrines. The editors of that Journal could have given no stronger testimony to the vicious tendencies of their church-polity, than by inserting the article alluded to; which displays about as much ignorance, bigotry, and spitefulness as were ever condensed in the same space. We subjoin it with the remark;—it contains one falsehood, much misrepresentation, a great deal of nonsense, and no religion.

Dr. Jennings, they say, was born within the bounds of the Monongahela and Pittsburg districts. According to his own account, he was born in New Jersey, near Elizabeth town.—Whom are we to credit? This is unworthy notice, only, as it is a sample of the reckless manner of their assertions.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal and Zion's Herald.

Messrs. Editors:—As we have reason to believe misrepresentations have been put in circulation at a distance, through the medium of certain periodicals and otherwise, in relation to the progress of reform, so called, in this region, we have deemed it proper to address you on this subject. Perhaps in no section of country in the Union, have greater efforts been made to create dissatisfaction with the economy of the Methodist Episcopal church, than in the Pittsburg and Monongahela districts in the Pittsburg conference. Dr. Jennings and Rev. Asa Shinn were born within the bounds of these two districts. Here too Mr. Shinn and Mr. Brown laboured for many years as presiding elders and stationed preachers.—Yet with all these advantages on their side, and although attempts have been made again and again to effect secessions, they are very inconsiderable indeed in every place with which we are acquainted, except in the city of Pittsburg and on Ohio circuit. With regard to those who have gone out from us, we would remark that the Methodist Episcopal church herself has suffered but very little in respectability from their departure. If we

pass over the two above named places, the secessions have proved beneficial to our church, as they have generally been followed with peace and increase in our societies. The chief actors in procuring or rather forcing secessions, are Messrs. Wm. Collins, Joab and Zechariah Ragan, together with some occasional excursions from Mr. George Brown. Those best acquainted with these persons will not suppose that reform itself will gain much from their ministry or exertions. The most of our complaints against them is, that they intrude into our meetings. We hope that they will take the hint; and while they enjoy so much liberty, they will grant us "slaves and tyrants" the privilege of enjoying our meetings and means of grace without molestation.—In Pittsburg our loss of members has long since been nearly or altogether made up, and we believe that our church has flourished more in Ohio circuit since the secession, than it did for many years before that time.

THORNTON FLEMING,
CHARLES ELLIOTT,
DAVID SHARP.

How gross an insult to the understandings of their readers! "It is a declaration to the world," said a sensible man, "that they think their twenty thousand subscribers, blockheads!"

Be it remembered that the authors of this abusive piece are *sainted men!—called of God!—the rightful successors of the apostles!* For a correspondent of the Advocate most sapiently endeavoured, not long since, to prove, that Episcopal Methodist preachers were entitled to such successorship! The apostles, he said, were called from the low and the weak and the outcast and the illiterate;—so were Methodist preachers. We confess mutual resemblance so far:—further likeness, it would, not unfrequently, puzzle the world now-a-days, to discern.

Let it be remembered, too, that A Doctor of Divinity permitted its insertion!—Shame on such Doctors! Would there were a way to unmake such titled things!

In conclusion, we would recommend to the Methodist Episcopal church, that, while she is establishing so many colleges, with their numberless professorships, she neglect not to ordain an institution to teach some of her preachers the rudiments of a common English education; in which too, should be appointed a professor of the science of truth, including lectures on evasion, misrepresentation and falsehood! We can excuse the men who wrote the above slanderous article, on the supposition that their hearts are better than their heads;—but would the Editorial Doctor permit such an apology for himself?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In "Didymus," we recognize the writing of an old friend. We wish he were a more frequent correspondent. He shall appear in our next.

"W. M." is a new correspondent,—though not the less welcome. We hope he will be a frequent contributor.

For the Methodist Protestant.

MARYLAND CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

Baltimore:—W. W. Wallace.*
Dr. Samuel K. Jennings,† Dr. Francis Waters,† Jas. R. Williams,† John C. French,† Luther J. Cox,† John Valiant,† Mayberry Parks,† Elias Cox,†
Anne Arundel Ct:—William Kesley,* Washington H. Hays.*
Slingsby Linthicum,† Richard H. Merriken,† Thomas McCormick,† Hezekiah Lithicum,†
Mount Olive:—Daniel E. Reese,*
John B. Ferguson,† Nath: Brady,†
Alexandria:—Dr. John S. Reese.*
William Lamphier,† Wm. Jackson,†
Georgetown:—Dr. Dennis B. Dorsey.*
William C. Lipscomb†
Pipe Creek Ct:—Frederick Stier,* J. Ibbertson.*
Jonathan Forrest,† Daniel Zollkoffer,† John Porter,† James Day,† Robert Scott,† Solomon Lanesworth,†
Reisters-town Ct:—James Hanson,* Hugh Doyle.*
Aquila Garretson,† Amos Richards,† James Hambleton,† Aaron Edwards,†
Deer Creek, Ct:—Isaac Webster,* Chas. W. Jacobs.*
Benjamin Richardson,† Edward Rockhold,† John Hoopman,† Jacob Hoopman,†

Shippensburg Ct.—George D. Hamilton,* William Sexsmith.*

Jacob Squires,† William Collier,† Jas. McKleroy,† Edward West,† Thos. Ailsworth,†

Kent Ct.—William C. Pool.*

Queen Ann's and Talbot Ct:—Wm. Bamber,* Josiah Varden.*

John Durgin,† Thos. Reed,† Robert Sparks,† Reuben T. Boyd,† P. B. Hopper,† Thos. Melvin,† Th: H. Hannah,† P. Stafford,†

Frederick in Va:—Geo. A. Reed.*

James McKleroy,† John D. Crouck,†

Prince William:—Theron W. Newman.*

Thos. H. Stockton,* Missionary, and itinerates for the benefit of health.

Daniel E. Reese,* transferred to the New York Conference.

Wm. Bawden,* without an appointment at his own request the present year.

David Crall,* without an appointment.

Dr. J. B. Tilden,* Missionary.

John Mewhirter,* without a circuit this year, but to labor under the direction of the President.

Wm. H. Bordly,* takes no appointment in consequence of ill health.

Those marked thus (*) are the stationed Ministers.—Those marked thus (†) are the unstationed Ministers and Preachers who are not members of the Conference, but render gratuitous services as auxiliaries in the several Stations and Circuits to which their names are placed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In Boston.—The usual indications of the presence of the Holy Spirit in this City, for some weeks past, have led ministers and christians to greater energies in the cause of Christ. And we have good reason to believe that the kind Spirit of our God is now in very deed with us. On Sabbath evening last after a most solemn sermon, at Mr. Green's church, an invitation was given for those, who wished to converse on the salvation of the soul, to retire to the Vestry, and about 200 immediately went there; many under powerful convictions of their lost state, and desirous to know what they should do to be saved. Such is the enquiry in all the churches in our connexion in this city.—*Boston Ch. Her.*

The following extract is taken from the account of the Four days meeting and revival in Bennet street church:

"On Saturday evening, at a church prayer meeting, 40, the most of them young persons, gave in their names as probationers. These were in addition to 35 who had joined on probation the Saturday before,—making in the whole 75 in less than two weeks. When we review what has transpired within two weeks past, we are led to exclaim—"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

"There is encouragement to believe that there will be a great revival in Boston. We hope Christians will continue to pray for this city, and that the work which has so happily begun, may continue in great power and glory."

"We are pleased to hear that other denominations share in the blessed work. Many conversions, and some of them of a remarkable character have already taken place among the Orthodox Congregationalists. Accessions were made to three of the Baptist churches, last Sabbath. Morning prayer meetings are still kept up by the above mentioned societies, and by the Methodists."

In N. Y. City.—We have made inquiry respecting the progress of the revival in this city; and are happy to state that it still advances with much interest. Many of the churches have received encouraging accessions from the first fruits. We copy the following from the Baptist Repository:

"The cloud of mercy appears still to be hovering over this city. Meeting are frequent and well attended. Most of the churches of our denomination, appear to be awake and the Lord is blessing them with frequent accessions."—*N. Y. Ex.*

In Philadelphia.—The following extract from the Episcopal Recorder will be read with interest.

The churches of all denominations seem in some degree aroused. There are daily meetings for prayer at 6 o'clock in the morning, at St. Paul's and St. Andrew's churches, and in both these congregations, there seems to be an awakened attention to religious interests and duties, and serious inquiries for salvation among many persons. We earnestly commend to the attention of our clergy, the commencement of the morning concert of prayer in all the churches. "O, that the salvation of la-

rael were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."

ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION.

By the London Baptist Magazine for December, just received, we observe an instance of persevering industry, and disinterestedness on the part of the Missionaries at Calcutta, which is highly honourable to them. It appears that some time since, brother W. H. Pearce, who superintends the printing office, was offered, through the kind influence of Mr. Harrington, the Regulations of Government, 8 vols. 4to. if he would consent to be the editor (in furnishing notes, &c. where necessary) as well as printer. This was performed so entirely to the satisfaction of Government, that other work was also furnished the whole of which, after deducting all expenses of printing, leave a clear gain of 10,000 rupees, about \$5000. Brother Pearce placed this sum at the disposal of the Missionary brethren at Calcutta; W. Yates, J. Penny, W. H. Pearce, J. Thomas, G. Pearce. Lest the disposal of this amount should be the occasion of dispute, and hinder their usefulness, they at once transferred it to the Baptist Missionary Society in England. The whole amount referred to, was not from the ordinary source of income in the printing office, but arose from extra work.—*Christ. Watchman.*

South Seas.—The last accounts of the churches from this quarter, received by the London Missionary Society, are highly encouraging. The churches were increasing in the number of their members, and the members themselves were advancing in piety and stability. The benefits of religious education were widely diffusing. The whole New Testament was in general use among the people and natives, who, with the genuine spirit of christianity, were labouring to communicate the gospel to other islands more or less remote.

Marquesas Islands.—Only occasional visits have as yet been made to these Islands by European Missionaries. Messrs. Williams and Barff, however, accompanied by several native Missionaries, were about to visit the numerous and populous islands which lie to the westward. These brethren requested the prayers of Christians, that God would direct and prosper their enterprise.

Surat, East Indies.—The Missionaries at this station pay special attention to the schools for the natives, and their labours have been blest. For 10 years, the schools have been prospering. There are now six under their care, five for boys chiefly, and one for girls, in all 360 scholars. All these are supported by the friends of religion in India, since 1822. Mr. Fyve, of the London Missionary Society, and who gives this, in itinerating 42 days, travelled upwards of 500 miles, distributed 1020 parts of the scriptures, and 10,500 tracts, and preached to many immortal souls who had never before heard of salvation through the merits of Christ.

Bangalore, India.—The press here has been employed in printing the scriptures, and tracts in the Canarese language, on religious subjects. Central schools for boys, well conducted on Christian principles, have been greatly useful. Mr. Campbell, the Missionary at Bangalore, speaks with much approbation of five promising boys, who, he says, prefer study and the service of Christ. Their reading, their conduct and dispositions, their prayers, their essays, and their talents, all excite lively expectations, and gratitude to God. The English congregation is large and respectable, and some among the rich and poor have determined to live for God and eternity.—*Rel. Her.*

GENERAL SUMMARY.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

Poland.—The Russians have entered Poland, and engaged in arduous contest with the Poles; who approve themselves worthy of liberty by the bravery with which they vindicate their rights against their oppressors.

From the Journal Des Debats.

WARSAW, Feb. 21, 11 o'clock, A.M.

I must give you the news of the fight of my unfortunate country. The war began on the 14th of this month, when, in a small affair, General Dwernicki took 11 pieces of cannon, with horses and baggage, and 2300 prisoners. In several skirmishes kind HEAVEN gave us the victory:

but the most essential affair has now occurred; our Commander designedly allowed the enemy to approach within a league of Warsaw; and the battle, which still lasts, began on the 19th, at six o'clock in the morning. During these two days we have been continually advancing; we have already a great number of wounded, but on the other side the carnage has been terrible; at the same time we are as yet unable to state any thing decisive.—We can distinctly see the field of battle from the city, and the continual firing of the cannons. You can easily imagine our feelings at seeing blood flow below our city, for the fate of our unhappy country; but what can we do? Tomorrow we shall be lost or saved.

Feb. 21.—It is now under the walls of Warsaw that our army is every day fighting. Gen. Diebitsch is at the head of the Russian masses; which marched by the routes of Stedler and Wargrow. The Polish army, unable to resist these masses, has been concentrated, since the 18th, around Praga. The Russians are strongly established in the forests, situated at a little distance. They accept partial combats without wishing for a general engagement. The Poles endeavor to draw them into the plain, but they retire into the woods, where the cavalry cannot pursue them, and where they are besides protected by formidable artillery. In these different battles the advantage is always on the side of the Poles; but it is to be feared that numbers will at last prevail. The loss of the Russians is estimated at 11,000 men. Several hundreds of prisoners have been brought to the city, along with about 1000 wounded Poles.

The Polish General Dwernicki, who, after a brilliant engagement, passed the Vistula at Gora, to stop the march of the Prince of Wurtemberg, has had with him, near Koziennice, a battle, in which he repulsed him, and took several cannon. The Prince is under the order of another Russian General, named Kreutz; but no other is mentioned but himself. He is the horror of Poland, because he was born in Poland, and because he deserted, at the insurrection, a brigade of Polish Lancers whom he commanded, although he is the nephew of Prince Adam Czartoriski.

It is impossible to paint the heart-rending spectacle which Warsaw presented on the 10th. The anxiety produced by the battle, which was seen from all points commanding the Vistula, and the zeal of the inhabitants standing round the wagons of the wounded to offer them assistance. The work of erecting the interior barricades was interrupted and it is thought that if the Polish army, yielding to numbers, is finally driven back, this unfortunate city will only attempt a useless resistance, the consequences of which terrify the imagination.

An express arrived in Paris, however, on the 8th of March, announcing that Warsaw had capitulated, and Praga been burned.

The following is from the Morning Chronicle:—

Paris, March 8, 1831, 3 o'clock, P. M.—Warsaw has capitulated! Praga has been destroyed by fire! and the Polish revolution has been terminated. I had sent you a long letter before I received this intelligence. In that letter I had hoped against hopes, expressed my doubts, and prayed for a success which I almost despaired of.—But alas! alas! couriers have since arrived with the afflicting intelligence that Warsaw has capitulated and Praga has been burned by fire. France will hear it with horror. England will learn it with sadness. Liberty is arrested in her march; but the arm which arrests her progress, is but impotent. Russian Barbarians may burn cities, ravish women, rip up their helpless victims, and plant for awhile the standard of despotism on the ruins of independence. But all this will not avail; and, in spite of these momentary triumphs, the Poles shall yet be free!

France.—Another change has taken place in the French Ministry.

On the 9th of March there was a mob in Paris, that attacked the Hotel of the Russian Ambassador, amidst cries of "Down with the Russians!" and "the Poles forever!"

Austria.—Austria has determined to put down the insurrection in Italy. She threatens, if France interposes, to sustain the claims of young Napoleon to the French throne: but the war party in this latter country gathers strength every day.

Spain.—It is reported there are great and extensive insurrections in Spain. Nothing confirmatory has yet been received.

Belgium.—Belgium seems determined to maintain the integrity and independence of its territories.

Great Britain.—The Ministerial plan of reform was introduced on the 1st of March into Parliament. Public feeling is generally in favor of it. It is supposed, however, that it will be strenuously opposed by the old Tories in the Opposition.

RAIL ROADS.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.—We have received accounts, recently, from the line of Rail-road between Elliott's Mills and the Point of Rocks, of the most gratifying character. The first stone track on the second division, is nearly completed, and the second track will be finished at an early period. The work is of the most durable description. The third division, of upwards of fifteen miles, is graded; with the exception of a few hundred yards, and all the masonry is finished, including a Bridge of forty feet span over the Patapsco, and one of smaller dimensions over the Piney Falls. Granite for eight miles of the first track of this division is prepared and on the spot, ready to be laid down in rails, and the contractor is proceeding rapidly in getting out the remainder from the fine quarries along the road. The end of the graduation of the third division is forty-one miles from Baltimore, and its early completion may be reasonably expected. Above the Forks of the Patapsco,—the termination of the second division,—are several fine situations for Depots for the reception of the produce of the surrounding country, and which will soon become enlivened with the commerce and intercourse occasioned by the road. On the fourth division, from the summit of the Ridge to the Monocacy, the graduation and masonry of the road, with few exceptions, so far as contracts are made, will probably be ready for the rails from the first to the middle of June, and the same may be said of the fifth division, extending from the Monocacy to the Point of Rocks. The location of the line of Road on this last division presented more difficulties than any other portion, passing as it does over a slightly rolling country, abounding with lime-stone, hillocks, and knobs, seen and unseen, and crossing, as it does, the direction of the water courses almost at right angles. The location however appears to have been effected with consummate skill and judgment, under the immediate direction and superintendence of the Chief Engineer of the Company, and certainly adds to his well earned reputation in his profession. This part of the road may be considered straight for all practical purposes,—indeed the line across the Chapel Ridge is unbroken by the slightest curve for the distance of four and a half miles. The lateral road to Frederick has been definitely fixed, and will be commenced in a short time,—and the Bridge over the Monocacy is rapidly advancing towards completion. Great part of it is framed, ready to be put up, and the abutments are fast rising to receive it. On the whole, we hear that there is every reason to anticipate, from what has already been done, that the line of road will be finished to Frederick by the end of the present year.—*Gazette.*

CONVENTIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

(Continued.)

Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock, Nov. 12.

The convention met; Dr. French in the chair.

ARTICLE X.

I. No rule shall be passed which shall contravene any law of God.

II. No rule shall be passed which shall infringe on the right of suffrage, eligibility to office, or the rights and privileges of our Ministers, Preachers, and members, to an impartial trial by committee, and of an appeal, as provided by this Constitution.

III. No rule shall be passed infringing on the liberty of speech, or of the press; but for every abuse of liberty, the offender shall be dealt with as in other cases of indulging in sinful words and tempers.

IV. No rule shall be passed authorizing the expulsion of any Minister, Preacher or Member, except it be founded on the express laws of God.

V. No rule shall be passed, appropriating the funds of the Churches to any purpose, except the support of the Ministry, their widows and children; the promotion of Education, and Missions; the diffusing of useful knowledge; the necessary expenses consequent on assembling the conferences, and the relief of the poor.

VI. No higher order of Ministers shall be authorised than that of Elder: nor shall any alterations or additions be made in the religious principles adopted at the Convention.

VII. No rule shall be passed authorizing the Annual Conferences to station their Ministers and Preachers longer than years, in succession, in the same circuit, and years in succession, in the same station.

VIII. No change shall be made in the relative proportions, or component parts of the General, or Annual Conferences; nor shall the General Conference have power to fix the compensation of itinerant ministers and preachers below the standard agreed on at this Convention.

On motion, the tenth article of the printed constitution

reported by the committee, was taken up and considered section by section.

The first, second and third sections were adopted without amendment.

The phraseology of the fourth section was altered so as to read; "No rule except it be founded on the holy scriptures, shall be passed, authorizing the expulsion of any minister preacher or member."

The fifth section was considered and adopted.

The sixth section was then taken up, and also adopted.

The President laid before the convention a communication from the "Baltimore Union Society" proposing to transfer the periodical, entitled "The Mutual Rights and Christian Intelligencer," to the convention, to be published as the paper of the church.

On motion of Brother Kennon, the communication was referred to the committee of finance.

The convention adjourned till Saturday morning.

Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.

Pursuant to adjournment the convention met, Dr. Walters in the chair.

Brother Avery offered the following regulation to be added to the rules of order. "No substitute shall be offered for a motion before the convention, until the original motion under discussion is disposed of." Agreed to.

On motion the sixth section of article tenth, was reconsidered, and the latter part of the section stricken out, so as to read, "No higher order of ministers shall be authorized than that of elder."

The seventh section of the tenth article was then taken up.

Brother Kennon moved to fill up the first blank with the word, two.* Carried. The second blank was also filled with the word, two.

Brother Davis moved to amend the section by inserting the words "to abolish an efficient itinerancy ministry, or to authorize," so as to make the section read "No rule shall be passed to abolish an efficient itinerant ministry, or to authorize the annual conferences to station their ministers and preachers longer than two years, &c."

Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock.

Brother Henkle in the chair.

On motion the seventh section was adopted as amended.

The eight section was taken up.

Brother McCaine moved to strike out all the section after the words "annual conference." Carried.

On motion of Brother Avery the section as amended was adopted.

On motion of Brother Weaver, the third section of article seventh was reconsidered, and the following words were stricken out, "for provision shall have been made in the discipline."

*This section was subsequently reconsidered, and the word "three," was substituted for "two."
[To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUNGO PARK.

The following pleasing Story is related of Mungo Park. Alone and defenceless he had been fallen in with by robbers and deprived of every thing but a worsted shirt, a pair of trowsers and his hat.

"Naked and alone," it is said, "in a vast wilderness, 500 miles from any settlement, surrounded by savage beasts and by men still more savage, he saw no prospect before him but to lie down and perish. From this depth of despondency his mind was suddenly revived by a mingled impression of nature and of religion. A small moss, in a state of fructification, struck his eye, the delicate conformation of whose roots, leaves, and capsule, could not be contemplated without admiration. He then bethought himself,—"Can that Being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure corner of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?" Inspired by these just and pious reflections, he started up and went on, despite of fatigue; and he soon found deliverance to be nearer than he had any reason to anticipate."

AN ARABIAN SONG.

The following is a National Song of a tribe of Arabs, composed on the occasion of the death of one of their Chiefs named Boo Khalloom.

"Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword! The spear of the unbeliever prevails!

"Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave, has fallen!—Who shall now be safe? Even as the moon among the little stars, so was Boo Khalloom among men! Where shall Fezzan now look for her protector? Men hang their heads in sorrow, while women wring their hands, rending the air with their cries! As a shepherd is to his flock, so was Boo Khalloom to Fezzan!

"Give him songs! Give him Music! What words can equal his praise? His heart was as large as the desert! His coffers were like the rich overflowings from the udder of the she-camel, comforting and nourishing those around him!

"Even as the flowers without rain perish in the fields, so will the Fezzaners droop; for Boo Khalloom returns no more!

"His body lies in the land of the heathen! The poisoned arrow of the unbeliever prevails!

"Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword! The spear of the heathen conquers! Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave, has fallen! Who shall now be safe?"

Education of Indians.—The Indians never chastise their children, especially the boys; thinking that it would damp their spirits, check their love of independence, and cool their martial ardour, which they wish above all things to encourage. "Reason," say they, "will guide our children, when they come to the use of it; and before that their faults cannot be very great." They avoid compulsory measures, and allow the boys to act with uncontrolled freedom; but endeavour, by example, instruction and advice, to train them to diligence and skill in hunting; to animate them with patience, courage, and fortitude in war; and inspire them with a contempt of danger, pain, and death—qualities of the highest order in the estimation of an Indian.

By gentleness and persuasion they endeavor to imbue the minds of their children with virtuous sentiments, according to their notions of virtue. The aged chiefs are zealous in this patriotic labour, and the squaws give cordial co-operation.

Indian Resignation.—The Indians bear disease with composure and resignation: and when far advanced in life, often long for the hour of dissolution. "It is better," said an aged sachem, "to sit than to stand, to sleep than to be awake, to be dead than alive." The dying man exhorts his children to be industrious, kind to their friends, but implacable to their enemies. He rejoices in the hope of immortality. He is going to the land of spirits, that happy place where there is plenty of game and no want, where the path is smooth and the sky clear.

Indian Religious Creed.—They believe in one Great Spirit, the Creator and Governor of the world, from whom all their enjoyments flow. Although they have no public or social worship, yet they are grateful to the Great Spirit for past favours, thank him for present enjoyments, and implore from him future blessings: this they sometimes do with an audible voice, but more frequently in the silent aspirations of the heart. They believe in the doctrines of immortality and future retribution; but their conceptions on the subject are vague, and modified by their peculiar manners and habits.

SKETCHES.

For the Methodist Protestant.

SAYBROOK,

OR, THE VICTIM OF PASSION.

From the Diary of a Voyager.

It was the first watch,* and the rising moon was just glancing along the mast heads. The loom of land was vanishing in the distance like smoke—the breeze sung low in the cordage—the sails now and then shivered in the wind—the prow softly parted the wave—and the sparkling foam noiselessly melted away. The swift porpoise played jocund about the ship's course, and the sportful dolphin, charmed with the stillness of the scene, ever and anon leaped high in the air, glistened for a moment in the moon-beam, then plunged joyously into the blue deep. On the bowsprit lolled two or three of the crew, each too busy with his own imaginings, to hold converse with his fellows. Disturbed at times by the flapping of the canvass against the masts, they would start up, and, looking abroad over the waters, impatiently call on the breeze to freshen and urge them homewards. Here and there, a weather beaten sailor leaned musingly over the ship's side, gazing intently on the glittering waves, as if, in their evanescent brilliancy, he found resemblances to the bright forms of other days, when his career of life was but beginning,

*From 8 to 12, P.M.

and youthful hope shed unmingled radiance on his pathway.

Saybrook and myself sat alone on the quarter deck,—silent and sorrowful;—for my friend was unhappy and I could not be otherwise. Heavy, thought I, must be the affliction of that heart, that does not grow light in contemplating such a scene! Saybrook's gloom was not relieved by the brightness of nature; the stillness around, gave full room for untiring thought to expatiate on the most painful incidents of his life; for calamitous must have been his years since I last saw him.

He was then a gay, spirited, though thoughtless boy. There was no amusement in which Saybrook did not participate;—no company to which his vivacious conversation and accommodating urbanity did not afford him ready access. Withal he was passionate; few liked to encounter him in his gusts of rage; but by and by they blew over and left him the same generous friend and pleasant companion. We had been brought up together in the same village, educated in the same academy, and were intimate friends, both as school-boys and young men. Being now of age, and prepared to take our several stations in the world, a difference in condition and prospects, required our separation. He remained in the village, in easy circumstances, with a mother and sister, his only relatives; while I departed for Europe, whence I addressed several letters to my friend, that never were answered. Nor could I gather any thing concerning him till, after an absence of several years, returning home by the way of the West Indies, I was both surprised and overjoyed with again beholding one, whom I had often remembered with saddened pleasure, but without hope. It was while lying at one of the West India ports, that I recognised him as he came aboard to engage his passage:—But, how changed was Saybrook! His character in a few years had undergone a complete alteration. From the extreme of reckless levity, he had passed to that of thoughtful melancholy. Sternly grave, gloomily reserved, invariably sad!—how unlike the once light-hearted, social, and joyous young Saybrook! His appearance was in unison with his demeanor. The long, black hair hung carelessly over his forehead and temples,—his hazel eyes, far retired within their sockets, and overhung by heavy, projecting brows, conveyed an expression of anxious remorse,—the hollow, furrowed cheeks, but for a sun-burnt tinge, were bloodless.—Still, there was a compression of life, a firmness of step, and a manifest tenseness of physical conformation indicating that his was a frame that would not sink tamely beneath the weight of misfortune;—for it was evident that adversity had been his portion—adversity, I feared, brought upon him by the indulgence of his violent passions. This, as it may, I truly pitied him, and determined to learn the incidents of his life subsequent to our parting.

The evening we were thus sitting together, he was in a more conversible mood than usual.

"Poor fellows!" said he, "how the countenance of each home-sick sailor brightens with the hope of again returning to his country, and clasping a wife or a child or a friend to his bosom! And I, too, would hope, were I not fearful the day of my pleasures is over.—How have the bright fancies of my youth been clouded! Where now, is the peace I vainly thought my inseparable companion,—the joys that were ever to bloom around me?—Faded and gone!"

"I hope not," said I. "You, too, expect to see again your relatives and friends?"

"Heaven grant I may!"—but the most ardent hope cannot triumph over the apprehension—the anxieties created by five years' absence."

"Is it possible! This must have been why I never heard from you—but how happened it?"

After some hesitation he narrated to me all the particulars of his life since our separation,—and indeed it was a gloomy tale.

It seems that soon after we had parted, he purchased a pleasant villa, in a retired situation, on the banks of a noble river in one of the western settlements. Here, full of health, buoyant spirits, and the joyous anticipations of sanguine youth, he enjoyed every pleasure that ingenuity could invent or wealth procure. Unhappily, however, he had imbibed principles, that were dangerous inmates of a bosom, so fraught with ardent feelings and strong tendencies. He was an infidel—and it was not strange that infidelity, scorning the wholesome restraints of religion and confiding haughtily in the strength of reason, should, in conjunction with his violent passions, occasion the terrible circumstances revealed in the sequel of the story. He carefully concealed his

principles from his relatives, who were believers in the religion he contemned; for he still had too much generosity to wound those whom he loved. He was now about twenty-one years old, and abounded in all temporal blessings. The favorite of fortune, every thing around him seemed chosen to enhance and perpetuate his happiness. A mother, than whom none was ever cast in a more heavenly mould, kindly strove to moderate the fire of his youth, and train his wayward passions to the discipline of virtue. A fair sister was ever ready to soothe him in his disappointments, and perform for him all those little offices of tenderness that a sister's affection so quickly suggests. "How my heart bleeds," said he, "when I think of the kindness and love so illy repaid—so unhappily thrown away on a wretch unworthy of them! With anguish I recollect the tender rebukes of the one, and the sympathizing tears of the other, and in the agony of remorse, vainly call upon death to relieve me from reflection."

About this time there settled in the vicinage an old gentleman, who had been a captain in the East India trade. An acquaintance was soon formed by the two families, (for he had a family,) that increased to an affectionate and a familiar friendship. Besides the interest excited by the old veteran's characteristic conversation, a stronger source of attraction influenced Saybrook. He had a daughter—an only daughter, rich in all the graces that adorn womanhood. In her, dignity of mien was beautified by infantile simplicity; greatness of spirit, mellowed by meekness of disposition; firmness and strength of character, interwoven with the tenderest and deepest feelings. She, too, was religious;—"a lovely devotee" as Saybrook secretly termed her: for if ever devotion was beautiful, it was especially so in the person of Isabella M. Her religion was so consistent, so rational, so amiable, so respectable, so elevated, that "I sometimes" said my friend, "could hardly refrain from wishing myself a christian." As it was, he never dared to breathe in her presence even a whisper of ridicule against the religion she loved.

A new relish was given to the pleasurable intercourse, subsisting between the families, by the return from foreign travels of the son of Captain M. "If I could have had but a glance into futurity," said Saybrook, "at the evils with which this event was fraught, I would that moment have abandoned the happy circle and have exiled myself from my home." His presence was hailed by them all as an addition to their happiness,—especially by Saybrook, who, at once, saw and felt that he was a youth after his own heart. Their ages, dispositions, and circumstances were a good deal alike. They were both high-minded and filled with strong feelings. They had the same taste for the sublime, and delighted in the same romantic wildness. "The advantages," said Saybrook, "were his. We both were proud—but his pride was magnanimity: it prompted him to think greatly and act as he thought;—ever to despise praise but when echoed by the voice of self-approbation.—Generous and ingenuous, he blushed not to own an error or acknowledge inferiority. My pride, however concealed, was selfish and uncompromising: it did not care to look on greatness, unless attached to itself:—In error, it was forbidding and reserved;—rather than confess a weakness, it wrapped itself up in unconceding haughtiness." Equal to Saybrook in warmth of temperament and intensity of feeling, he controlled his passions by a more powerful discipline of reason;—though unable at all times, to check their impetuosity. They were unhappily both inclined to suspicion;—Roy from having seen much of the selfishness and deceit of mankind; Saybrook, from ignorance of human nature in actual life.

Beside general and striking resemblance of character, there were two other ties which drew them more closely together. "We both had sisters," said my friend,—"fair as yon silver-cloud, bright as the evening star, lovely to sight as the graceful bark to the eye of the shipwrecked mariner. We both were lovers, and beloved. The faiths of my sister and friend were plighted—their bans published—and their union considered as the forerunner of ours. It seemed that nature had planted another Eden and we were its inmates." Little did they think that a serpent was already entered to desolate their fair hopes!

A person, by the name of Moore, had been employed by Captain M—, as private tutor to his daughter. His insinuating address soon procured him favour. He possessed such an infinite vein of humour; so much of the wit, polish, flattery, and pliability, of what is termed, a gentleman, that his company was generally agreeable. He was presuming enough, as Saybrook subse-

quently learned, to look with an eye of love on the fair Isabel. He, however, prudently concealed his feelings from the family and even from the object of his affections, till a more convenient season.

Political feeling, at that time, raged high; party-spirit was carried to extremes. The two friends, unluckily embraced different sides; and, as might be expected from men of so ardent passions, their discussions not unfrequently elicited unpleasant feelings. As yet they had not transcended the limits of moderation, when Moore, perceiving his chance, came forward under the mask of friendship and commenced practising his wily arts upon the two friends. Thinking Saybrook the only obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes, he imagined, were he out of the way, he would have nothing to fear. He planned and executed his malevolent purposes with consummate dexterity. Professing himself a moderator, he inflamed the debates of the two friends by subtle insinuations of mistake and misunderstanding. When he found them apart, he would mingle with his flatteries forged calumnies,—hinting to one the contemptuous reflections of the other upon his character. His base arts wrought but too effectually upon their suspicious tempers. A coldness arose between them, that was prevented from showing itself in open rupture, only by the tender relation each held to the other's sister. But Moore was well acquainted with the materials on which he was working. He knew, so much bewildering passion and indignant pride could be excited in the bosom of Saybrook, that unmindful of every tender consideration, he would recklessly gratify his most violent impulses.

The two friends had had a warmer debate than usual, and parted with mutual abruptness. Before the excitement had time to subside, Moore, who had been present, took occasion to see Saybrook, determined by one bold stroke to bring the matter to a crisis. Introducing the subject, at last, after various windings and turnings, he gave Saybrook to understand that Roy, so soon as he was gone, declared emphatically that never should his sister be connected with such a knave! To prevent their union, he purposed immediately to inform her of the confirmed infidelity of her lover, which he well knew would be an insuperable objection in her mind. Before Saybrook had time to recover himself and think rationally, a letter was handed to him, by another hand, purporting to be addressed to him by Isabel. The amount of it was:—"She had been made acquainted with his infidelic principles; and, after a long and agonizing conflict between love and a sense of duty—between the choice of himself and God; for her portion—she had concluded, heart-broken, but firm-minded, never to unite herself to an unbeliever." He was at first so stunned, afterwards wrought up to such a pitch of desperation by what he had heard and read, that he never for a moment thought of investigating coolly the truth of all this. A challenge was the consequence, for he deemed himself cruelly wronged by his friend.

They met by moon-light with no witness but Moore, who gloried in his success. Roy, advancing from his place, said ingenuously—"Saybrook, my conscience shrinks from this honorable kind of murder—here is my hand: if you accept it, our friendship is renewed; if you refuse, you shall know it was not cowardice that prompted the offer." "I take not," said Saybrook, "the hand that is offered with a promise and a threat;"—and he fiercely examined the priming of his pistol! Roy looked at him a moment—a tear stood in his eye; but false shame prevailed over better feelings—he turned on his heel and walked firmly to his station. His eye winked not, his hand trembled not. The word given, Saybrook fired, and Roy fell—his weapon unused! For a moment the former was bewildered; but his passion was over and he ran and fell beside his bleeding friend. Roy's eye melted with compassion: as it rested on the distracted features of Saybrook—his quivering lips faintly murmured;—"we are then again friends—I forgive!"—Roy was no more. O! the torment of Saybrook's soul! "And, is it so?" he cried—"this then shall be thy vengeance murdered friend!" He seized Roy's weapon and pointed it to his forehead;—it was not—it had not been loaded! "Heavens!" he exclaimed, but agony was drowned in senselessness.

"When I again thought," said Saybrook, "I was alone, and opened my eyes in torment." The body of his poor friend was gone. The moon had set in darkness—the sky was black and dismal. He arose tremblingly and tottered homeward. "I passed," said he, "a lone pine, skirting my way—there was a horrid crash—the tree was a pillar of fire—the lightning quiv-

ered in its branches. I prayed Heaven to make me as that tree—but Heaven was just,—fierce remorse burned my heart more keenly than lightning—the voice of conscience spoke more loudly than thunder."

He reached his home, determined to conceal the terrible incident of the evening. "Why Saybrook," said his sister, leaping to embrace him as he opened the door,——"why have you staid so long? We feared you were bewildered in some lone wood; and then we thought of the thunder and lightning and rain and torrents and ravines and precipices, and dropped on our knees and wept out prayers to God for your safety;—He has heard our prayers and Saybrook is ours again!" (Conscience stricken, he dropped his head on his bosom.)—"But why so downcast? Has Isabel been cruel, or Roy plagued you, or what?"—and she parted the hair on his forehead and playfully kissed him. "It was too much," said Saybrook—"I could not bear it—my heart swelled, strained, and burst, and I sank helpless on the floor." Soon recovering, and assuming what composure he could, he said that in coming home he had lost his way, and was quite overcome by toil, and a recollection of the dangers he had escaped. They were satisfied, and parted with him as they thought, for the night. "How I lingered," said he, "as I kissed the last kiss—bade the last adieu—looked the last look. But my resolution was taken: I could not be the bearer of tidings, so dreadful! I could not think of telling my injured sister, that I had cut down the tree, around which all the brightest hopes of her existence were hovering—of telling my mother that her child was a murderer!—And Isabel—but the thought was madness!"

Joy had departed from their dwelling—the brightness of their halls was clouded. He could no longer dwell in a garden, whose bloom he had blighted,—whose gayest flowers he had withered. Packing in his portmanteau whatever he might have occasion for, and leaving on the table a letter, explanatory of every thing, with silent tread he left his chamber. The passage led by the room of the dear relatives, whom now, perhaps, he was leaving forever. He could not forbear—probably the last time—gently pushing aside the door, he leaned half into the room. There they laid in the repose of untroubled innocence. The storm being over, the moon shone brightly through the arched windows upon their faces. "I could, that moment," said Saybrook, "have offered myself, a willing sacrifice at the shrine of their murdered peace!" All at once, a cloud came over the moon; and an agonizing, tremulously soft voice startled him;—"dost—dost—Oh—cruel—cruel brother!" He heard no more, but glided away horror-struck. Lashing his portmanteau to the saddle, he rode away with the speed of lightning, as if his horse could out-travel thought. He bent his course to a neighboring sea-port, determined, thence, to "lose in foreign travels the remembrance of past events; and took passage in a ship, just setting sail, bound up the Mediterranean.

[So far speaks the Diary of the Voyager. In the next number, a further extract from it will tell us of the subsequent fortunes and final fate of Saybrook.

From what we have already perused, we may learn the terrible effects of uncontrolled passion, and the infinite value of self-command. We are impressed, too, with the danger resulting from the conjunction of infidelic principles with ardent feelings; and with the vastly important advantages of religion in view of the exaltation of human reason and the increased strength of the power of self-control. Infidelity, by denying a future state and the circumstances predicated of it, destroys at once the most efficient motives to discreet and upright action.

At the same time, without furnishing a single substitute, it debars its votary from the possession of the spirit of Christ, by which alone, the man can so control and regulate his passions, that, losing nothing of their intensity, they yet shall subserve his own best interests, harmonize with all his social relations, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

Were it then but for the sake of a pure, consistent, and an exalted philosophy, the ingenuous deist, methinks, should abandon his puerile and powerless system, and giving credence to Christianity, acknowledge himself the disciple of its author,—the greatest of all philosophers.]—Ed.



POETRY.

From the Keepsake.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

I have no early flowers to fling
O'er thy yet earlier grave;
O'er it the mourning lark may sing,
By it the bright rose wave;
The very night dew disappears
Too soon, as if it spared its tears.

Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
Were listen'd for like song!
They used to call thy voice so sweet;—
It did not haunt them long;
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
How could they bear their lonely hearth!

There is no picture to recall
Thy glad and open brow;
No profiled outline on the wall
Seems like thy shadow now;
They have not even kept to wear
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last appears
But just like yesterday;
It startles me to think that years
Since then are past away.
The old oak tree that was our tent,
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
Drove us beneath the shade;
A beautiful and greenwood bower—
The spreading branches made.
The raindrops shine upon the bough,
The passing rain—but where art thou?

But I forget how many showers
Have wash'd this old oak tree,
The winter and the summer hours,
Since I stood here with thee.
And I forget how chance a thought
Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
As if they still should weep;
I speak of grief that long has slept,
As if it could not sleep;
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness,
Have I, myself, forgotten less?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
Nor thought how there was laid
One fair and young as any there,
In silence and in shade.
How could I see a sweet mouth shine
With smiles, and not remember thine?

Ah! it is well we can forget,
Or who could linger on
Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
On earth whose flowers are gone?
For who could welcome loved ones near,
Thinking of those once far more dear.

Our early friends, those of our youth?
We cannot feel again
The earnest love, the simple truth,
Which made us such friends then.
We grow suspicious, careless, cold;
We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
Love must and will expand,
Loved and beloved we must be,
With open heart and hand,
Which only ask to love and share
The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time;
And now that it is past
It breathes as of a purer clime

Than where my lot is cast.
My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
In thinking of those early years.

It shock'd me first to see the sun
Shine gladly o'er thy tomb;
To see the wild flowers o'er it run
In such luxuriant bloom.
Now I feel glad that they should keep
A bright, sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
Only recalled its own;
It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
Though borrowing Memory's tone.
I feel this earth could never be
The native home of one like thee.

Farewell! the early dews that fall
Upon thy grass-grown bed
Are like the thoughts that now recall
Thy image from the dead.
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
I will not stay to weep. Farewell!

From the Christmas Box.

TO THE AMERICAN SNOW-BIRD.

The Snow-bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of winter, it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm-houses, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes, no one can tell, and whither it goes (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance,) no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be, in reality, another bird, only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly and entirely changed. It delights to hover near hay-ricks, feeding on the wheat which they contain; while, in very bleak weather, when the ground is clad in universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlour window, by throwing forth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man. There is a feeling of melancholy passes across the mind, when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened by the presence of the mournful Snow-bird. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

From distant climes, which none can tell,
In dress of bright and changeful hue,
I greet the bird beloved so well,
When childhood's hours around me flew.

Sure, though the northern storms may spend
Their fury over field and tree,
Their blasts are welcome if they send
So gay a visitant as thee.

I care not that the laughing spring
Its blue bird messenger may own;
If winter be but sure to bring
The Snow-bird I have always known.

How oft, in childhood's rainbow hours,
I've watch'd thee at the parlour pane;
Hiding thee from the ruthless showers,
Till vernal airs shall breathe again!

Oh! how my youthful eyes would strain,
Pursuing in thy wayward track!
How oft I've spread the attractive grain,
To bring thy wandering pinions back!

Yes, gentle bird! I mind the time
Thou'st sported round my window-seat,
(Thoughtless of evil as of crime.)
Pleased, it would seem, my face to greet—

And feeding with confiding stay,
On tiny crumbs I threw to thee:—
'Twere base, 'twere cruel to betray
A bird that ne'er had injured me.

There breathes an everlasting Power,
Unknown, but felt—unseen, but heard;
He clothes each tree, He tints each flower;
His arm protects my darling bird.

Let winter come with stormy voice;
Let snow-wreaths crown the highest hill;
He bids thee in the storm rejoice,
He sees, protects, and feeds thee still.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Remittances and payments, in advance, received during the past week and thankfully acknowledged by the publisher, from the following persons, viz:—

Samuel Scribner, Rev. Daniel Gildea, B. S. Pigman, E. Strahan, E. H. Coursey. By the Rev. Cornelius Springer, \$7 50, as follows: for Evan Thomas, Mr. Pyle, and John Springer. By the Rev. John S. Westwood, \$15, for himself, John M. Willis, Rev. John Gil-
liam, William Jennings, William Montgomery, and Thomas Latimer, Augustus Webster. By the Rev. Joseph Snelling, \$5, for himself and the Rev. Joseph Kumrill, Robert Varden. By the Rev. D. B. Dorsey, \$2 50, for Wesley Coleman. Stephen Clemments, Benjamin Neidig, Mrs. Beal Israel. By R. Bibb, Sr. 75 cts. for himself and Mrs. Preston, (balance.)

Letters received by the publisher since the last number, from the following persons, viz:—

Rev. Alson Gray, John A. Russell, (Disciplines sent,) Rev. C. Springer, J. C. Hubball, Rev. William McElroy, L. Hardy. Rev. John S. Westwood, B. Hill, Augustus Webster, Wm. M. Goodrich, John Lam, Robert Chilcote, B. G. Hill, Thomas F. Green, R. Blount, "Christian," William Atwood, James H. Weakley, (we are very much obliged to you for your politeness in handing us the list of subscribers,) Messrs. A. H. & Co. Richard Key Watts, John Ballen, R. Bibb, Sr. Geo. M. Kendall, James Harris.

Receipts for Books.—Rev. Cornelius Springer, \$37 50.

Books have been forwarded, since the 14th number, to the following persons, viz:—

Rev. John B. Goodenough, one package, Pinkney, N. Y. Rev. John Coe, Greensboro, Guilford Co. N.C. one box, care of D'Arcy Paul, Petersburg, Va. per steam-boat Norfolk, Sutton master. Rev. Wm. Bamber, Centreville, Md. one package. Dr. Samuel M. Meek, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, one box, care of William Jones, Mobile, care of C. J. Henshaw, New Orleans, per brig Montano, Creamer, master. Edmund D. Tarver, Clear Creek, one box, care of Messrs. McAllister, Miller & Partlow, Randolph, Tennessee; care of Messrs. Forsyth & Dobbin, Wheeling, Va. Thomas Anderson, New Market, Frederick county, Md. one bundle. Jacob Corley, Ellisville, Mississippi, one box, care of George Holt, Mobile, Alabama; care of Wm. M. Goodrich, New Orleans, per brig Vista, Lane, master. Rev. Benedict Burgess, Burgess' Store, Va. one bundle. Box to Rev. W. H. Collins is ready—waiting for the conveyance promised.

TERMS.

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